



CHAPTER XV—Continued.

The cry of the warrior at the top sent a quivering shudder over them all. The others?

Con went up with the sailor, and from the mouth of the pit they saw three more bodies strung across the plain. They were like a sword cutting into the desert surface, already far on their way to relieve their ill-starred prince. Away to the south, as if driven by invisible gods, Yekuro's horse was rearing. Levinton gave commands of many bodies pressing about his neck. The little men were creeping up to peer out at their fate. The robes had but one meaning to them.

Helen had that quality and well in the wind a screen of fine sand rose behind the flight of horsemen.

The miners were hurried by their first favorable turn in their history. The Arab seized the opportunity to influence them further. They began to move with eager, seeing vaguely the opportunity that had come. The city was open, and without protection.

Like the rock of a wilderness river, their voices came in a choking rattle. Insects like they surged up out of the desert. In the distance, the light the Arab fell back, and Levinton had no choice but to explain them. He got a boy from it all, a boy of power. They were coming behind him, some upon horses, some on foot, some on the ground, some on the ground.

Their faces were unmarked and plucked, grimy. Each man had a weapon. They were a terrifying rabble. Strong arms carried earth shovels and hammers, and they carried the tools of the miner. There were also daggers and pointed lances and a number of small swords.

From the houses beneath the city wall, the women and old men ran to the gates and seeing them start but they could not load back the right swarm of workers. There was strength in the arms that had toiled so long underground; now, fierce power in the twisted spines. It was a mad holiday of revolt. The big gates were pressed in.

Wives and maidens of the monzoul ran across the town. Balkan, Turkish, and Arabian, before the gates were closed beyond the mountains, and the feminine cries were forbidden music to the invaders. But there was first a matter of work to be done. The miners hurried on, regardless as lava.

Black slaves, and gray and brown, rushed and crowded upon the gates. It was early, and the palace was but half awake. In the throne room, filled with golden light, a woman stood, screaming. Beyond were the monzoul apartments. This soft and ancient land revolved among its features and silk and fans like a previous graph. His doorway disgorged his slaves went down, but he gave small heed to the mob that profaned his chamber. He was dreaming perhaps of faint white ankles and the tinkle of wind bells.



The Miners Hurried On, Resistless as Lava.

The wrinkles of his countenance sagged with fat and drug. Now the brazen teeth of an earth-hook gave him a final caress.

Here, on the walls, hanging amid the most prized trophies—scimitars of Persia, antique firearms of Cathay, and jeweled knives of Hindu hill princes—were the weapons recently taken from Andrew March. Also the carbine Levinton had once bought for better luck. He repossessed himself.

Down a corridor that thundered with the last of blighted men, Levinton went to Helen's door, and bade the nearest of his followers remain outside. They clamored and contented themselves with exploring passages

and winding stairs, and halls and secret rooms from which their lords had sent only cruelty and constant oppression. Levinton entered and closed the door behind him, and narrowly missed the slash of a sword in the hands of the familiar Chinese servant. Con took the weapon from Fu Ah, and commended him for his zeal.

"Where is my father?" asked the princess.

"He is with another division of the men. We will go to him directly. You told your story very well."

"Your story," she corrected him. "I was without breath. I spoke rapidly to the girls, pointing. They saw the horse horse, far out. It was sufficient. They were enraged."

"Does my father wish me to go?"

"Yes," he lied.

"I go."

There was nothing of kerosene about her tone, unless in the faint shadow below her eyes. Neither America alone nor Asia could have produced her sweetness, this frank perfection. She heard the rush of madmen through her palace—all the dread, sanguinary confusion above and around—yet did not tremble. It did not occur to her to be afraid. Her thoughts held to other issues. The same writings of two continents had tempered her mind. Unlike those who knew the fruits of one land or one age only, Helen was vividly aware of life in a larger pattern, and though her keenness was young and softly clouded, it shone in her eyes, and was mysteriously conveyed to him.

She smiled a little. "I do not see what is to come."

"Will you give the order to prepare many camels immediately for a long march."

"Has not my father done so?"

"I agreed to arrange for it. He is occupied at present," Con eluded again. He went to the door and signaled to the nearest rider, who stopped his play of tormenting a wounded Nubian, and came stumbling across the threshold of the princess. Con stated the needs to the girl, who spoke to the Chinese, Fu Ah, in his own language, and the latter, with a supreme disgust stretched across his face, repeated the order to the man from the north. The dwarf, shamed himself, having expected a death-blow instead of oral instructions, and crawled out at the door.

"There are mountains to the north," said the princess to Levinton.

"And forests," he added. "Do you think there is a better direction for us? We must not tarry."

"No. We go to the north."

Fu Ah then received further personal wishes from his mistress. To Levinton she explained:

"I am sending him up the stairway, for things I shall require. Kindly go with him and see that he is not struck dead by your butchers."

Levinton bowed again, silently, and his cheeks burned. Her bitterness was iron. Had he not upset the world?

Escorting old Fu Ah down the corridor, Con went up with him to see what gross mischief was being worked in the higher floors. The top of the stairs was clogged by two bodies, miners who had failed to quell two stalwart sons of warriors, who also lay quiet now a little way down the hall. The tide of dwarfs had passed on.

While Fu Ah delved in treasure of silk and leather and silver, Levinton found an outer window. Far along the road beyond the city gates, he noted two slaves mounted on camels. The beasts were pacing at their utmost, southward, their mission to bear word of alarm to the distant company of riders. Con examined the carbine in his hands. Resting the barrel upon the latch of the open window, he aimed very carefully, and pressed the long trigger. He repeated this process four times, and was then ready to go down stairs with the old servant.

"When we leave," he said to Helen, overcoming a reluctance to speak, "these little half-men from the mines will close the gates after us. Your warriors, in returning, will be unable to force an entrance until we have gained a greater distance to the north."

"Do not say 'my warriors.'" She hesitated, then added: "Do not heed my words, if they are quick. I would not turn back."

She was smiling gravely. Her hand came out to him.

"A princess may speak as she chooses," said Levinton.

"Not to her equals."

The city was conquered, overrun. The new caravan was being prepared for immediate departure. Con, feeling that he was not needed elsewhere, had a strong reason for remaining where he was, against the possibility that some bold pillaging party might come and find her alone.

He endeavored to assist in the hurried gathering together of lovely garments, but he was useless. Also, the delicate spice that arose from certain of the dresses was like a thin knife in him.

The door opened. The silent figure of Chee Ming stood before them, his robe torn, and marks of violence about his head, steady, gray-faced, tense with anger.

Helen paused, beside the bamboo chest. She felt a sudden renewal of the ties of many years. Con sensed the situation, and waited. The visit advanced upon the rug.

"I go," said Helen in English. Chee Ming replied shortly in foreign speech. "I go, at once," she repeated, and her persistence with the English seemed to clear the air. It was her declaration of choice. Chee Ming was speaking to her, a great calmness spread over his intense rage. His eyes grew magnetic with hate. His dream rooms was crumbling. The princess appeared not to hear him. She said pleasantly: "I am taking Carlyle to read on the way, and the Aquarian Gospel."

These two volumes were placed on top of the shelves of all Asia. Chee Ming had turned to the white man, Levinton said. "I am setting free your prisoners."

Helen added: "Mother once tried to do the same."

"My riders return," said the visit steadily.

"Not yet," said Levinton.

He saw a thin brass tube in the yellow hands. In a flash he was upon the old man, before the blow could



Con Left His Strange Enemy Lying Upon the Rug.

he raised to the narrow lips. It was no task to subdue the visit with physical force, for the Chinese had lost courage, his leathery sinews slackened. The darts fell to the floor. Helen lifted the tube and placed it in the bosom of her dress. She was not smiling.

Upon the window-ledge rested the yellow bowl. Con picked up the vizir and carried him across to it. He forced back Chee Ming's arms and drew up his chin rather inconveniently. No sound came from the Chinese, to whom such a defeat must have been thrice bitter and unbearable. The kerosene in the bowl was cool to Con's fingers, the scent that arose was spice and brandy. He applied the bluish oil thoroughly to the eyelids and temples of the vizir.

"He has been my father," said a soft voice.

"I will not hurt him. This seems wonderfully new to him; he has had the world try it first."

Word came that the camels were ready at the gate. The bamboo chest was carried out. Con left his strange enemy lying upon the rug, deep in ghostly slumber.

The miners were finding their own voices, roaring in new freedom, like masquerading children, before the monzoul was cold in his blood. From the higher windows and balconies of the palace came shrill screams. Twenty camels were laden.

"Where is my father?"

Con asked the Arab, who sought out the men who had carried the hammock. Only one of these could be found. He pointed back along the road. Helen saw the gesture and insisted on going with Levinton. The entire caravan was started out at the gate, for the riders could not be sighted. Certain of the dwarfs were aware of their debt to the white man who was departing, and these raised a shout as the caravan passed under the fortification. Instantly the gates were closed and a barricade begun on the inside.

"What have you not told me?" insisted the girl.

"It will be all right," he answered.

"Tell me."

"He has remained behind."

"Tell me!" she cried.

They found him near the rock that marked Elthina's grave. He was motionless in the morning sun, stretched face downward upon the sand that had once been a garden. Con leapt down and ran to him. There was no response. An insect walked across March's cheek. The deep-gray eyelids were firmly closed. He was quite dead.

Helen stood there, then knelt, she closed her eyes, but did not weep. Her hand went to his shoulder, but the touch frightened her. Levinton was bowed with the loss of his comrade, the man who had shown him how to live.

"You need not go," said Con.

"They are both there," she said slowly.

"Shall I take you back to the gates?"

For a long minute she remained motionless, kneeling, and the others of the party showed increasing agitation, with much staring off southward. Helen raised her hand.

"I am ill," she whispered. "Take me away, far."

He lifted her to her feet. A runner had been sent back to the city with word. The hammock would come again, and March's body be given final attentions.

"It is useless to remain," she said. "Take me away."

The other woman of the party, an ancient sister to Fu Ah, came to her princess and soothed in the wonderful stoned speech of Asia. She placed a large motherly arm about the shocked and saddened Helen, and, with Con, slipped her up into the saddle. Haste was imperative. It was Helen's own choice.

Levinton gave the word. The guide took orders from old Fu Ah, who rode high up, his wrinkled and scarred visage further complicated by the present twists of fortune. He had no heart beat independent of his white mistress. For the sake of speed, the water, who was somewhat heavy, was separately mounted. Helen rode alone, as did Levinton. The wind was in their faces.

Levinton looked back once, standing, across the rich low plain, to the strange towering city, now but a hazy Babel in the hands of its enemies, those and horses from the caverns, its destiny away all splendor and quiet finally ended. The very walls seemed pale now.

The white man was silent with a grandeur of pain, a beauty that was anguish. White-hot sun pelted through his garments. Flying sand stung his cheeks familiarly. Helen's head was bowed in silent agony. It seemed that the fierce, vengeful hands of the miners pulled at his heart.

Back on the vanishing rim of the world, the ancient, mysterious city showed for an instant like a faded rose, and then the glaring heat blotted it out.

CHAPTER XVI.

Helen's Ordeal.

Helen, in her great heaviness of heart, stared down at nothing. Fu Ah gave up the task of comforting her, at the request of his sister, who rode close beside the princess. Fanciful attention was in fact sorely divided between the marvels of an unknown world and the sorrows of her mistress. The Mongolian driver showed Levinton into the lead, and the white man was alternately alarmed and joyful. He looked back often, and his nerves crawled each time he fancied a puff of dust in the smother.

His best friend was gone, where he had wished to go. Con saw what had been in Andrew March's mind when he told of the seed-poison that leaves no dream behind, only a stilled body. Con was not holding that against his friend. The quiet, investigator, who had weathered so much, whose worldly grasp had seemed so strong and sufficient, had been broken when his illusion failed, a woman waiting for him, but in another world. Just now, Levinton's deepest hurt was to recall what he had seen in the devotional chamber underneath the palace, his princess in the same fragrant thrall. Her father had come and gone by strange laws.

Helen seemed to live in a dull tangle of pain. She rode with eyes closed. Training prescribed thoughts of her father, the affectionate stranger who had mastered the path to her lofty city, only to meet ruin in the yellow man's form of sleep. The shock of his death brought a heaviness that was unendurable, a new destiny drooping down about her like a cloak. But oddly, the images that passed before her vision were not of Andrew March. He was but the background.

She was thinking of Chee Ming, the brutal marks upon his head in that last moment, his dignity in rage, the magnitude of his defeat. Pictures of his kindness came again and again—how patiently he had taught her, how he had brought for her the pretty things of the world. Once he had laughed outright when a golden butterfly had wandered in at the window and rested upon his nose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pitcher Plant's Curious Leaves.

In the swamp regions of India and China a herbaceous plant is found which has very curious leaves. Each leaf has the mid-rib prolonged to a great extent, far beyond the leaf proper, terminating in a very singular pitcher, from which the plant derives its common name of "pitcher plant." This again terminates in a lid which is regarded by botanists as the true blade of the leaf.

In this pitcher a fluid is found which comes from the plant itself and is probably necessary for its nourishment. This fluid, which contains some potash, varies much in quantity, sometimes only a drop or two, but often there is enough to drown any insect which may venture inside, and such insects are frequently found in the pitcher.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Standard Yard.

The standard yard consists of a metal bar held in a secure fireproof vault in a Washington government building.

Negligees Revel in Ribbons



HENRI is a negligee that will appeal to gentlemen, being made in graceful and modest fashion, of lace and ribbon—those twin, time-honored companions of beauty. The designer revels in such materials, and when she is turned loose to go as far as she likes, we have negligees and negligees; some of them daring, a few sensational and some of them adorably simple and consistent, such as the amateur dress-maker may undertake with confidence and finish with satisfaction.

Any of the wide, sheer lace flounce-trimmed and all-over lace patterns may be recommended for a negligee of this kind. They are lovely when lined with crepe or chiffon in a pale color, and with ribbon chosen to bear out in another tint, perhaps, the color used. A negligee made of lace and unlined may be worn over an underslip of this silk. The model pictured has lines as straight and simple as those of a

highdress, develops a little fullness at the front and back and is drawn in at the waistline by ribbon that slips through slashes in the lace and lining. Flared satin ribbon in two widths is used for decorating it; the little loops along its edges make it easy to adjust and stitch down to curves. It borders and trims the sleeves and finishes the neck in the wider width, utilizing the narrower for a grille and sash.

If the creator of this negligee had gone no further with ribbons than to use them in bands and borders, the effort would have been pretty and creditable. But it is the addition of ribbon roses, set in a little foliage at the bottom and in the sleeves that make the final captivating touch which only genius knows how to give. They finish up a gracious garment that it will prove a joy to own.

Party Frocks for the Younger Set



THE young girl who goes away to school likes to take at least one party frock with her, and to start with, that is quite enough. At this time, before the new designs have been presented to the public and passed upon—or passed up—it is not so easy to decide upon the styles that will prove desirable and develop into fashions. But the earliest showings include some pretty and conservative frocks that will hold their own with any that may follow them.

One of those simple, graceful, inconspicuous frocks that never grow tiresome is shown above. It is made of pale rose batiste and has many frills of narrow lace running up the seams and about the skirt, which is rather full and hangs straight. The bodice is plain with a fichu collar edged with a frill of lace opening over a vestee made entirely of lace frills. The sleeves are long with frills at the wrist. The pride and glory of this frock is its ribbon sash, in pale blue, made of satin ribbon not very wide, but extravagantly long and having a full bow of short loops. It is a prodigal affair going to extremes

after the manner of youth itself, together—design, color and effect, the ensemble is very LAGES, M. D.

A sprightly taffeta frock is diseases of Eye, Ear and Nose good choice for the beginning. Made tested for glasses school year's gayeties. Made tested for glasses school year's gayeties. Made tested for glasses school year's gayeties.

With elbow sleeves, it may be resville, Mo

the skirt. Any of the light eye shades are available for a frock this kind. Colored taffeta makes fine foundation for a frock of fine net. A full, straight skirt of net with a border of barb lace at the bottom and inserted something less than half way up the length of it, is joined to a plain bodice with wide fichu of the net. The fichu is edged with lace and terminates at the front in a girde of wide, soft satin ribbon.

THE...

Lutesvill

MARBLE WORK

Julia Bottomly